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Mr. Tornambe

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One mistake, and within a day everything in my world was changed. I could say it was all my fault or I could say it was hers, but the truth of the matter is; it was mutually both of our faults maybe not just one thing, but various things that caused us to end up how we are today. Back then, I didn’t even know who I was or how my actions affected myself and the others that cared for me. The end was when she just disappeared. No calls, no emails, no letters. Nothing for almost four years and that’s okay with me now, because I’ve realized it’s for the better. Life has its ups and downs you just have to hope for the best and that’s what I do daily.

I wasn’t always like I am today; good in school, good grades, great home life, great parent s, good job and trying hard to please my parents. I moved here from a place that seems so far away, but it’s really only about fifteen minutes away. It wasn’t the greatest place to grow up that I can see now, but than it felt like I was on top of the world and I had everyone eating out of the palm of my hand and you don’t hear stuff like that come out of a young teenage girls mouth but it’s the truth I might have been fourteen, but I was a boss. I did what I wanted, went where I wanted, and talked to who ever I wanted because my mother just didn’t care unless it was about the child support check she got for me every month that went all and completely to her collection of hair products and drug habits. Pottstown seemed like my home but really it was a nightmare.

I always thought of my mother as a good person that loved me no matter what and that’s what she portrayed to me. I didn’t even look at her as a drug addict, a bad or mental person. She was my mom and all I needed was that she was there and I loved her with everything I had even though I knew she had some mental issues and she did drugs. I knew in my heart that even though she wasn’t always all there, that deep down somewhere she knew it was wrong and that she loved me. Even to this day, even though we’ve had no contact in years I love her because she’s my mother.

The shortest way to tell you what happened would be, I got in some trouble with school. I was kicked out and sent to an alternative school and situations at home with my mother were getting worse due to her unhealthy habits and issues. After some time passed, I was getting in more trouble because I was just trying to get some attention. Finally, the court sent me to live with my father or so that’s what I thought. The truth is my step mother knew there was something wrong and that I was in danger, so she made a few calls and found out what I was going through. She knew I would be safe and okay with her. She never wanted to take me from my mother, but it wasn’t a choice anymore and I don’t think of it in that type of way. I think of it as she saved my life and if it wasn’t for her I’d probably be dead or in juvi. At the beginning, I thought it was going to be horrible, just because I knew they had structure and rules and I had never experienced that with my mother. I was scared for no reason, but the fear of change.

This woman took me in with no questions asked except for to respect the family and her home. She knew about everything that happened to me and still took me in. She bought me new clothes and took me to check out a new school that I could possibly attend. She put everything in her life like her two year old son, five year old daughter, and eighteen year old. My little brother and sister just came running to me as soon as I opened the door and right then and there I knew it wasn’t going to be the way I imagined it.

My step mom isn’t like any other step mother this woman is my actual mother. She has done more for me in the past four or so years then my mother has my entire life. She points me in the right direction and when I fall off track she makes sure I get right back on. She knows that I don’t want to be like my mother and with every breathe she takes she strives to help me become my own person. I know all this and she knows it but we don’t speak about it even though we could. It’s like an unwritten rule.